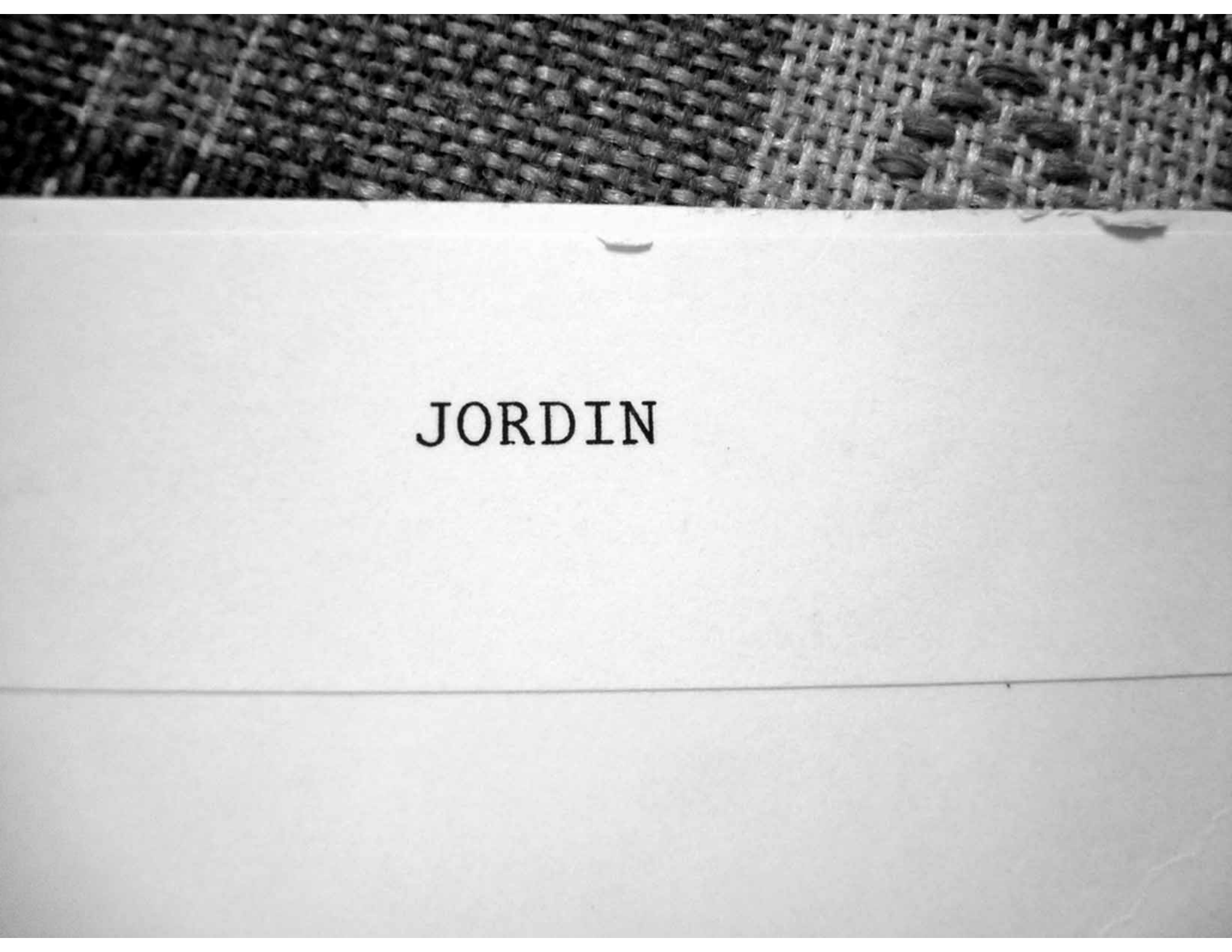




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(From MEMORIES by John F. Jordin, Being a Story of Early Times in Daviess County,
 Missouri, and Character Sketches of some of the Men Who Helped to Develop Its Latent
 Resources. Published from THE NORTH MISSOURIAN PRESS, GALLATIN, MISSOURI). 1904

The first child born in the Auberry Grove settlement was James C. Hill, son of Richard and Ann Hill. The year of his birth was 1841.

The first death was a child of a Mr. Liggett, who died in 1828 and was buried in what is still known as the Hill graveyard.

The first regular physician who settled in this community was Dr. Carr.

Abraham Millice, a Methodist minister, did the first preaching in a log cabin on section 28. At about the same time Robert Morgan, a Presbyterian minister, held services at the home of Robert Miller.

The first school was taught in an old log cabin on the Auberry farm. This was in 1838 and Lewis McCoy was the teacher. He received six dollars per month for six pupils and "boarded around." The first school house was built on the John Hill place. James H. B. McFerran, afterwards a banker and lawyer in Gallatin and later a millionaire mine owner of Colorado, was the first teacher. He had seven or eight pupils and received two dollars from each for a session of three months. He too, must have "boarded around", otherwise he would have been in debt at the end of the term. No wonder he changed his occupation.

I had been in James port about a year when I was elected constable. I suppose that no one else would have the job and my name was put on the ticket just to fill up. Shortly afterwards Franklin Callison, who was chairman of the town board, called me into his office and told me I had been appointed town marshall. Honors were coming thick and fast, but I had made up my mind to take whatever the gods might send and ask no questions. (NOTE - The author here devotes several pages to his experiences while acting as town marshall. Personalities mentioned include Oliver Gillilan, Charlie Potter, John Peery, A. C. McCord, Lucien Oliver, Franklin Callison, Pandy Mann, John Q. Smith, "Crooked Neck" John Martin, Ab Carman, Dick Isherwood, Jim Wyman, W. G. Callison, W. J. Gillilan, Joe X. Wright, A. P. Shour, J. R. Faulkner, Sam and Halleck Buzzard, Lon Champlain, Will and Frank Casey, Frank Davis, Pat Faulk, Jim Paris, "Doc" Groves, Will Lorentz, John Mann, William Curtis, Wes Gillilan.)

"And so it was from small beginnings like these that the country grew. There was a steady increase in population and wealth from year to year, so that in 1858 the discerning ones saw the necessity for a new town that would afford the settlement a trading place nearer home. There had been some talk of a town north of where Jamesport now stands, and I am not certain but what some steps had been taken towards its establishment; but when in 1858 James Gillilan laid out the town of Jamesport and built a store house, and the firm of Gillilan & Philpot had actually put in a stock of goods, all thought of a rival town was abandoned. Then there was Dr. James F. Allen, just graduated from Virginia Medical College, at Richmond, young, active and ambitious, and one of the chief promoters of the enterprise, who showed his faith by his works, and hung out his shingle in the embryotic metropolis; this taken in connection with the fact that Faulkner & Jordin had opened a "grocery" where all could allay their thirst fixed the new town on a solid foundation. About the same time, Ben Cook, plasterer by profession, located here and the town began to boom; so that by 1860 it had a population of 50 people. ...

During the year 1861 a detachment belonging to the 53rd Regiment, Illinois Volunteers, visited Jamesport and completely wrecked the store of James Gillilan. They proceeded to pour out pepper, spice, salt and other condiments on the floor, then took the stock of patent medicines and broke the bottles over this mass of stuff and in one way or another demolished the stock. Mr. Gillilan, after the destruction of his stock of goods, retired to his farm, where he lived during the war.

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By Frances Cowles
(Copyright 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate)

Mr. Robert Jordan, a minister with whom I have been acquainted this month who is very honest religious man by any thing as yet I can find in him. These words were written in 1640 by Mr. Winter of Richmond Hill, near Spurgwick, Maine, concerning the young Oxford Graduate who lately came out from England to be Chaplain of the new colony. Incidentally, this same Mr. Winter had a daughter, Sarah, who in two years became the wife of Robert Jordan and with him established the Jordan family in America.

Very little is known of Robert Jordan before he came to America, except that his father's name was Edmund Jordan and that the family resided in Worcester, England. Robert was born in 1611 and was educated at Balliol College, Oxford. He probably came to this country in one of the regular trading vessels that plied between England and Richmond Island, Maine. He is mentioned in an old record as an orthodox divine of the Church of England, of great parts and estates. The great parts, of course he owed to his superior inheritance and education; but for his "great estate" he was indebted to his wife, who on the death of her father was the heiress of many thousands of acres, besides a very considerable amount of money for those days.

It is said to the great credit of this family, that it was owing to the influence of this enlightened man that the witchcraft mania that was sweeping through the neighboring colonies at about this time never penetrated Maine. On one occasion when a superstitious servant wished to impute the death of one of the Chippewas, cows to a certain woman in the community, the broadminded Chippewas treated the matter with such severe disapproval - showing that cows had died from neglect that the idea of witchcraft never came into the community again. Unfortunately for the people among whom they

lived Mr. Jordan and his family were forced to flee from Maine on the second Indian outbreak. They settled at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Robert Jordan had six sons, all born before 1664. They are as follows: John, Robert, Dominicus, Jedediah, Samuel, and Jeremiah. Since the Jordan descendants in this country sprang from six lines, it is interesting to trace each one -

John, a judge married Elizabeth Styeman of Portsmouth and had four children. His descendants are numerous. Robert the second son who probably had no male descendants, had three daughters, Eliza who married John Larrabee; Sarah, who married a Grier, of Boston, and Leah, who married a Lipsich of Portsmouth.

Dominicus, the third son, was above the common size and it was said his gun was six feet long. He was never without it and carried it strapped to his back when he worked in the fields. He was known as "the Indian Killer", but in times of peace he was on good terms with the savages. However in 1703 hostilities broke out again and a party of Indians called at the home of Dominicus with the avowed wish to buy some goods. While Dominicus was waiting on them they killed him in cold blood and carried off his wife, Hannah Tristram and his six children and led them through the woods to Canada.

To go back to the remaining sons of Robert Jordan, Samuel, the fifth had three sons who established one of the smaller branches of the family. Jeremiah, the sixth and youngest son of Robert, was captured with his family wife by the Indians the same day that his brother, Dominicus, "the Indian Killer" was slain. His wife was released in three years but he was not so fortunate. He was finally carried into France and when after many vicissitudes he returned home, no one - not even his wife that he was really himself, so altered was his appearance owing to

the hardships which he had endured. Finally he proved his identity from ~~a~~ scars on his breast which he had received from fire when a child. He was always known as "Henchy Jemmy". He left a son, Jeremiah, and a daughter, Deborah.

The Jordans are an illustrious race in England and are of old Anglo-Norman origin. The supposition that the name was derived from the river Jordan at the time of the Crusades, however, is entirely imaginary. The name is, as a matter of fact, derived from the Norman baptismal name Jourdain, probably a corrupt form of the Latin Jodiermus.

The Jordans are well known in Wales, where the first settler was one Jordan de Cantingo, one of the companions of Martin of Tours in the conquest of Rennes.

The coat-of-arms used by members of the Jordan family in the United States - they are illustrated - is described: Azure, a lion rampant between eight crosses, crosslets fitchée or - the crest is a football proper.

Motto: "Percussa Resurgo"

"MEMORIES" - Jordin

pathetic dust," leaving her who had shed the old neighborhood
the burden which it would have been his joy to share. They went into ca-
Then for nineteen years the mother went on, her life centered in
her children, living only for them. For them she thought, planned
and toiled. With clear vision she saw her children's defects, and
with firmness and kindly patience she pointed out to them the better
way. Looking backward to my boyhood days I can realize now how
often I must have tried her patience, for I was ever a willful, im-
patient, headstrong child that loved nothing quite so well as to
have my own way. We never realize until we have children of our own
the unselfish devotion of parental love. The love that never bargains,
that asks nothing, but freely gives all. The love that effaces self,
dwells in the land of negation and self denial; that will toil, suffer
and endure all things and if need be yield up life itself as a willing
sacrifice upon the altar of its affection.

Of the three brothers of my father I knew Isaac Jordin best.
He was born in 1806 and settled in this county in 1839. He was united
by marriage with Miss Mary Callison, also a native of Virginia. They
had three children, Franklin, who married Susan Rhea; Rebecca, who
became the wife of Robert Russell, now living at Odessa, Mo., and
Elizabeth, who became the wife of Samuel Beard, now widowed and liv-
ing in Lafayette county, Mo.

Isaac Jordin took an active interest in all matters pertaining
to the public welfare and held some minor positions of public trust
in the early days. As a justice of the peace, he performed the first
marriage ceremony in Jamesport township, the occasion being the mar-
riage of Richard Hill and Miss Ann Gillilan in 1854. In 1854 he was
elected county assessor, which position he held for several years.

He was a staunch member of the Methodist church and his house
was the home of any preacher who passed that way. Kind and hospita-
ble, he enjoyed the companionship of his friends, and nothing gave
him more pleasure than to have the house full of "company". While
strict and prompt in the performance of his religious obligations,
he would sometimes on meeting a friend in town indulge in a social
glass. I do not think that he ever indulged to excess, but under the
mellowing influence of a glass or two his generous heart would expand
until there was room for all his friends, and at such times he had
no enemies, or if he had they were forgotten. Following close upon
the heels of these periods of spiritual exaltation, during which he
loved his neighbors even better than himself, there would be a time
of rigid self-examination, humiliation, and self abasement, during
which his title to "mansions in the skies" would be clouded by agon-
izing doubts and fears.

As a rule he was sociable and rather talkative, but if something
occurred that troubled him he would lapse into a moody silence that
would sometimes continue for days. Once during the war his son and
son-in-law were required to serve in the home guards, and as they
had quite a lot of stock on hands I was helping uncle to look after
it during their absence. While thus employed uncle suddenly quit
talking and for nearly a week scarcely spoke except to give the most
meager directions concerning the work in hand. He did not appear to
be out of humor, but there was a troubled look upon his face that
forbade inquiry as to its cause. One night in the kitchen I asked
Cousin Lizzie why uncle did not talk, and she said, "Oh, father has
lost his tongue, but don't worry about it. He will find it in a few
days and then he will be all right." And he did. The storm in his
soul had passed, and the social atmosphere was clear once more.
In November 1862, George and Frank McCue and a comrade named
Marion left the Confederate army and undertook to make their way
North in order that Frank, who was suffering from serious wounds,

"The remains" Jordan past. As the boys reached the old neighborhood might properly be cared for. As the boys reached the old neighborhood a cold drizzling rain set in, turning into sleet. They went into camp at a place near Uncle Isaac's, known as the "rock house." They had made the trip thus far on horseback, but Frank was now thoroughly exhausted by the suffering and exposure incident to the long and tiresome journey. He had reached the limit of his feeble strength and it looked like he had endured the tortures of his long journey only to lie down and die like an outcast almost in sight of his old home. The weather continued to be inclement and George decided to go to Uncle Isaac and make their condition known. He did so and uncle at once directed them to bring Frank to the house, which they did at once. George and Markham continued their journey, but Frank remained some days resting and recuperating his strength, then one night Tom Bradshaw came with a covered wagon and took Frank on to Iowa, where he was cared for at the home of a friend until some time during the following year, when he died.

Uncle was not ignorant of what the probable consequences of his act would be. He knew that in giving food and shelter to Frank McCue that he was violating military law, which forbade the giving of "aid and comfort" to those in rebellion. He knew that to reach out the hand of mercy and try to save this battered piece of flotsam cast up by the waves from the crimson sea of war, was an offense so grave that he who committed it endangered his liberty, perhaps his life. But knowing all this he it said to his credit he never hesitated for a moment. "Let the consequences be what they may," said he, "it shall never be said that I turned one of my neighbor's children from my doors when he was hungry, sick and without shelter." There was a committee in each township composed of three members whose duty it was to report offenses of this kind. The names of the men composing these committees are before me as I write, but I have no desire to open old wounds. The matter was promptly reported to Lieut. Col. S. P. Cox at Gallatin. But Col. Cox possessed that generous nature that always characterizes the truly brave man, and a friendly warning was given and uncle bade farewell to his home and left, never to return.

Of Jonathan and Abram Jordan I know but little beyond what has already been told. Jonathan was born in 1802 and Abram in 1812.

Jonathan was twice married, his first wife being a Callison. By her he had two children, Anthony and John. His last wife was an Edmiston, and by her he had six children, William, James, Isaac, Elizabeth, Rebecca, and Miram. Of these but two are now living, William at Carpinteria, California, and Isaac in Livingston county, Missouri.

JOSEPH W. ROSE, M. D.

born in Williamsport, Penna., March 10th, 1812; moved with his father to Kentucky in 1824, where he grew to manhood. In 1835 he moved to Mo., stopping in Marion county, where he attended Marion College for a while. He decided to study medicine, but being financially unable to attend a medical school, he read what he could find and in 1842 began practice in Hall's county, Mo. In the meantime he had married Mary Kennedy, a daughter of Capt. John Kennedy of Paris, Ky., Aug. 1, 1838. In the fall of 1845 he settled in Daviess county. He became a friend of Franklin Jordan, and on August 1st, 1846, moved in with him to share his home on the "western banks of the Little Muddy." He moved with his family to Livingston county, Mo., April 1st, 1857, and lived there the rest of his life on a "finely improved farm." He died Sept. 26th, 1898.

"MEMORIES" - Jordin

"The census of 1870 makes no mention of Jamesport, but the fact remains that it still existed. It had even grown some during the past decade and numbered about 120 people. But in 1870 the near approach of the Chicago & Southwestern railroad, as this branch of the present Rock Island system was then called, gave a new impetus to its growth and when on the 25th of June 1871, the first train steamed into Jamesport its inhabitants felt that the future prosperity of the town was fixed. Numerous new business houses were built and business of all kinds began to flourish. Among the buildings erected in the summer of 1871 was a grain house by Franklin Callison. Dunn and Miller started a large store building and A. L. Willis put up a dwelling, and a lumber yard was established. From July 1st to January 1st, 1872, forty dwellings and ten stores were built. The following year the Jones Brothers began the erection of a fine flouring mill.

"August 6th, 1872, granting the prayer of Nathaniel G. Cruzen and sixty other citizens, the county court ordered that articles of incorporation be granted to the town of Jamesport. It also further ordered that "Franklin Callison, Nathaniel G. Cruzen, Maro Thomas, A. B. Barnes and Isaiah H. Jones be, and the same are hereby appointed trustees in and for said town, to hold office until their successors are elected and qualified."

"The first number of the Jamesport Gazette was issued March 8th, 1877, and Joe X. Wright and M.O. Cloudas were its editors.

"On the 9th of January, 1878, I left my old home on the farm and walked the six miles to Jamesport. I was not encumbered with baggage; most of my earthly possessions being on my back in the form of a rather shabby suit of clothes in the pockets of which was just \$9.00 in money. I began work at once for S. Stine, a gentleman with a hooked nose, a keen eye, a kindly face and a persuasive voice. Stine had a good trade and I kept pretty busy. ... After Stine left I worked for a short time for James A. Layton who ran a wholesale flour store. ... The following year, 1879, Layton went to Colorado, and in 1882 settled in Grand Junction where he was elected county clerk and served from 1883 to 1887. ... He died at Grand Junction, of which city he was one of the founders, October 23rd, 1903.

"I 1879 or 1880 Pandy Mann moved his stock of goods into a new double brick building belonging to W. G. Callison. There was a vacant room upstairs about twenty by forty feet in size. ... Other homeless wife came and, seeing Capt. O. Taylor so comfortably fixed, got permission to move their meager belongings to this place and made it their home. Additions to our numbers came from time to time until there were some seven or eight domiciled there. ... Here for several years, we slept, made our toilet and loafed on Sundays.

"For four years I lived this life, studied hard, worked at whatever my hands found to do, and if I made little, I spent less and saved something. I devoted two years to the study of law, reading thirty pages of some author each day. At the end of this course of study I applied for admission to the bar of Daviess county. Judge Samuel A. Richardson appointed Judge R. A. DeBolt, Judge Shenklin, Judge H. C. McDougall and W. C. Gillilan as a committee to examine W. M. Bostaph and myself. ... It was not my intention of ever engaging in the practice of law that induced me to take up that study. I felt it would give me standing among business men to understand something of the law governing ordinary business transactions, and my experience has proven this to be true. W. G. Callison, with whom I read law, was the only lawyer in town, and having much outside business, was seldom in his office. Even before I was admitted to the bar, he would sometimes intrust matters of minor importance in the justice court to my care and, like Patrick

"MEMORIES" - Jordin

Henry, I began to learn law by practicing it. I had some amusing experiences in this sort of practice. ...

By this time I had saved enough out of my small earnings to buy a piece of residence property. There was a five room house, nearly new, and an acre of land. It cost me about \$750.00. Besides this I had sufficient money to furnish it cheaply, and this I proceeded to do. After furnishing the house I found that I had something over \$1000.00 invested. I had earned it all and was rather proud of the fact. Observation and experience alike have taught me to believe that the young man who earns and saves \$1000.00 can be safely counted on to earn and save still other thousands. It is necessary that the young man should learn to earn money and it is equally as essential that he should learn to save it. A good way to avoid extravagance is to earn your money before you spend it. ...

"At 9 o'clock on Sunday morning, October 30th, 1881, at her father's house, Sallie E. Chenoweth and I were married. Just a few friends and relatives were present, and when the preacher had said the few simple words that linked our destiny we drove away, accompanied by ~~many of our friends~~ some of our young friends.. Never before had this old world looked quite so beautiful as it did on that bright, crisp October morning.

"After taking dinner in Gallatin late in the afternoon we drove slowly back, reaching Jamesport about sundown, and drove straight to our home and went to housekeeping.

"Here we lived for fourteen years, here our three children were born; here a fair share of happiness and prosperity rewarded our labors - and here I think would be a good place to bring these sketches to a close."

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"MEMORIES" - Jordin

ADDISON PRICE

"One of the best known of the early settlers of the eastern part of the county was Addison Price. A Virginian by birth, having been born in Greenbrier county in 1812. He was by nature and education a genial, whole souled, kindly hearted gentleman. In 1835 he was married to Margaret Brown, who was born in 1813 and was also a native of Greenbrier county. About a year after their marriage these young people came West to grow up with the country, and in 1836 came to Missouri, stopping for a while in Jackson county. In 1837 they settled in Daviess county and continued to live here until 1865, when he moved to Johnson county, where he died about the year 1884.

Like a majority of the early settlers Addison Price and wife were blessed with a large family of children of children. Just an even dozen - five boys and seven girls. Of these Charles W. Price was the eldest, having been born in 1836. He has prospered in life, and surrounded by peace and plenty is spending the evening of life on a fine farm a few miles east of Jamesport, Mo. Samuel the second son, was born in 1836. He now resides at Cole Grove, California. Virginia Tye born in 1840, lives at Durant, I. T. Hannah Corral, born 1842, died about the year 1892. Martha Pemberton, born 1844, lives at Pitts-ville, Mo. George Price, born 1847, lives near Butler, Mo. Sallie Dalton, born 1849, Kansas City, Mo. Allen Price, born 1851, Broken Arrow, I. T. John Price, born 1853, died about 1886. Louisa Price, born 1856, died about the year 1876. Ella F. Price, born 1858, Cole Grove, California. Bell Graham, born 1860, Warrensburg, Mo.

In 1844 the county court by its order designated "the house of Addison Price" as the polling place for Jackson township at the general state election to be held for two days, the first Monday and Tuesday in August, and named Robert Miller, Jacob Oxford and Jonathan Jordin as judges of election.

My earliest recollection is connected with Addison Price. He lived near and was frequently at our house. When I was not more than three years old I can remember of his calling me to him and ordering me to "lay my bald head" on his knee while he thumped it; and when I had obediently complied and had been properly "thumped" I would retire to a safe distance and curiously regard this funny old man. His gray beard that reached below his waist gave him a venerable and patriarchal appearance. But if the snows of many winters lay white upon his "frosty pow", eternal spring was in his heart. He was an inveterate joker and apparently must have laid awake at nights planning practical jokes upon his neighbors; but it all was done with such freedom from malice that it was seldom if ever that anyone was seriously offended.

The first charivari at which I was ever present was at his house, the occasion being the "infair" upon the wedding of his son, C. W. Price. This was, I think, in 1862. It was perhaps ten o'clock at night, and in the hospitable home all was moving merrily along with the simple joys and good cheer incident to occasions of this kind when all at once upon the outside

"There arose so wild a yell,

As if all the fiends from Heaven that fell

Had awakened in that narrow dell,

The piercing battle cry of hell."

Pandemonium and several of its relatives had broken loose. The roar of heavily loaded guns made the windows rattle, cow bells clanged their discordant notes, long drawn out blasts from hunting horns that had once been the crowning glory of some Texas steer, blown by brawny fellows with lusty lungs all mingling with yells that would have put a Comanche Indian upon his mettle contributed to the horrible din.

"MEMORIES" - Jordin

The rafters were made of poles of the required length hewed to a straight edge on one side. The joists were hewed out of cottonwood or some other kind of soft wood. There was a big fireplace at the north side, and the northwest corner was set apart as kitchen and dining room. The south part was occupied by two high beds and trundle beds. The northeast corner was the sitting room. Remember that these divisions were only imaginary lines, as there were no partitions in the house - just one big square room. Later on another cabin was built about ten feet from the big house and connected with it by a broad puncheon, and this was also provided with a fireplace, and became the kitchen and dining room. These buildings stood on the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 16, township 59, range 26. Here my father and mother lived, here their children were born, and here my father died in 1855 and my mother in 1874.

When father left Virginia to come West his father gave him a negro man named Flet. They had grown up together on the old plantation and there was perhaps little in their relations with each other to remind either that the one was master, the other slave. Side by side they toiled in the wilderness, together shared their frugal fare, warmed by the same fire, and were sheltered by the same cabin home. Little or no restraint was placed on Flet's movements. He went and came at will, and when one day he disappeared his absence occasioned but little concern. But as the days wore on Flet's continued absence prompted father to make some inquiries among his neighbors, and as a result of this investigation he became convinced that Flet had "run away".

Father made no effort to find the negro, and at the end of some six weeks Flet returned. John D. Gillilan, who had stayed the preceding night with father, once told me the story of Flet's return. According to Gillilan's version of the affair it was early in the morning and father was preparing breakfast for the two by the fireplace when the door was opened and upon looking around they saw Flet. He presented rather a forlorn looking appearance, as if freedom had not agreed with him any too well. Father made no sign of recognition, and the negro came in and as the weather was cold, sidled into his accustomed corner by the fire, casting furtive glances at father as if to read his fate. But the master's face gave no sign of anger or joy, although these passions were doubtless contending in his heart - anger that the boy had run away, joy that he had returned. Breakfast ready Gillilan and father sat down to their meal, and as they did so father remarked to Flet that if he was hungry he had better fry some more better cakes. While Mr. Gillilan remained no questions were asked and no explanation offered concerning Flet's absence. The incident was closed, their former relations resumed, and continued until father's death.

Like most of the early pioneers father found pleasure and recreation in the chase. B. K. Dinmore used to say that he was "one of the best shots and the most reckless rider that he ever knew." In the early days pictures were scarce and we had none of father, but as a child - questioned many who knew him as to his appearance, for the fact that I could not remember him distressed me no little. From information thus gained I take it that he was in person tall, slender, quick and active in his movements. In disposition, quiet and reserved; would talk freely with intimate friends, but in crowd his attitude was silent and observant. Honest and upright in his dealings, generous hearted and true to his friends. He lived a simple life and faithfully performed the duties that lay next to him. And so for half the time allotted man he walked the earth, toiled, loved, joyed, sorrowed, and suffered, then "passed to silence and

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THE JORDINS

"The older members of the Jordin family evidently cared little for genealogies or family trees, as I have been unable to find any written record kept by any branch of the family, and am therefore unable to give names and dates as I would like to. Perhaps after all it is just as well to eliminate the family tree and let the individual branch be judged by the fruit it bears. The Jordins never owned a coat of arms; if they had they doubtless would have adopted the motto, "Let every tub stand on its own bottom."

Jonathan and Isaac Jordin settled in this county in 1839. In 1843 Abram and Franklin Jordin came and also settled here. These four were brothers and natives of Pocahontas county, Virginia. Their father, John Jordin, was a native of County Down, Ireland, and emigrated to this country in 1783. John Jordin attended school in Dublin, and having lost an arm and being thereby incapacitated for manual labor, taught school for awhile after his arrival here, and when he had accumulated a few dollars he bought a stock of goods and converting them into a neat pack shouldered his wealth and trudged away to meet whatever fate or fortune might hold in store for him. He had possibly "kissed the blarney stone" before leaving the Emerald Isle, as he was not only successful in business but also in love, for Miram McNeil, a winsome girl descended from an old Pocahontas county family, yielded to the sweet persuasion of the Irish lad and became his wife. Then he settled down and became a farmer, and as the years went by nine children came to bless their union -- five boys, John, Jonathan, Isaac, Abram, and Franklin; four girls, Jennie, Nancy, Martha, and Mary. John the eldest, married and settled near his old home. The other brothers came to Missouri as stated. Of the girls, Mary died while young, the other girls married and settled in Virginia. Of those in Virginia I know but little beyond their names.

Jonathan, Isaac, and Franklin settled near each other, Jonathan on section 22, Isaac on section 19, and Franklin on section 16.

Franklin Jordin was the youngest of the brothers and was born in Pocahontas county, Virginia, in 1818. He married in early life while yet living in Virginia, his first wife being an Edmiston. She lived but a short time after their marriage. In 1850 he was united in marriage with Nancy Jennings Ballinger. To them were born three children, the writer Sept. 3, 1851, and twin girls, Angeline and Martha, May 26th, 1854. Of these Martha died in infancy, Angeline married John W. Pinkerton, and lives in Polo, Missouri.

Before my father's death he had bought 240 acres of land and had erected a comfortable log house and other buildings thereon. The house was about twenty feet square. The flooring was sawed from walnut logs with a whip saw and the roof was of white oak shingles, riven and shaved by hand, William Conklin doing that part of the work. There were one window and two doors to the house. On one of the doors there was a thumb latch, while the other was fastened with a string latch. For the benefit of the younger generation let me explain that a string latch was made of wood and fastened upon the inside. To it was attached a buckskin string and this string was passed through a small hole bored in the door about six inches above the latch. Anyone wishing to enter had only to pull this string in order to lift the latch and the door would swing open. At night the string could be pulled in and the door was secured against outside intrusion. This crude device, like the cabins it protected, has passed away, but in passing it has enriched our language with the suggestive symbol of old fashioned hospitality, "Our latch string always hangs out."

the early settlement of the county. Elder George J. Jordin, who came back in the forties, and later Dr. Jourdan of Chillicothe,

word. In her was combined the essence of all the tutelary gods. She belonged to no lodge, was not a member of any society, never attended fashionable functions, never gave a card party and never worried because she could not vote. But lacking all these, she yet was not idle. The mother of eighteen children could usually find something to do. In order that her children might be clothed it was necessary to card wool by hand, spin it on a "big wheel," reel it on a count reel, the yarn dyed and made ready for the loom and then woven into cloth, the garments must be cut and made at home. Janes, blue mixed, gray mixed and black for the boys, while for the girls there was linsey and flannels, woven in various designs and in brilliant colors. The mother was tailor and dressmaker. The boys, even the little fellows, wore long pantaloons, a roundabout for the smaller ones and a "wamuss," with occasionally a frock coat for Sunday was the unvarying style of dress. The girls never worried themselves into a fit of prostration while trying to find a particular shade of dress goods, and no dressmaker ever thwarted nature by defacing the God-given symmetry of their bodies.

Then there was the knitting and darning and patching, the cooking and washing and ironing, little faces to wash, little heads to combed, and little shoes to tie. There is one with a cut finger to be bandaged, another with a grass cut under his toe and still another with a stonebruise on his heel, all crying for mother at once. Then on Sunday mornings when they make their weekly change of undergarments to have ten or a dozen husky boys all shouting at once "where's my shirt," (that being the only article of underwaits known to the pioneer boy) was enough to run an ordinary woman distracted. And then each night the weary mother would tuck them away in "the trundle beds that each held three" with a silent prayer to God to keep her little ones safely through the night.

But while the mother of such a family had her worries she was not alone. The father also had a few things to look after. He was commander-in-chief of this little army as well as its ex-officio commissary general. David McCue was peculiarly fitted by nature to take charge of such a family. He had the lungs of Stentor,

"The front of Jove

An eye like Mars to threaten and command," and he enforced a not unkind, but rigid discipline, although there might be occasionally one who had to "learn obedience by the things he suffered." He was a good provider, a loving husband and a kind father, and in return his children loved and honored him above all men. It is indeed a great thing for a man to so live that he will deserve and receive the respect of his children.

While a family of this numerical distinction would be the despair of the woman, who, like the proverbial hen with one chicken, is worrying her life out over one little spindle shanked, penwiper boy, it would upon the otherhand provoke the unbounded "delight" of President Roosevelt, the strenuous champion of large families."

John, Kizz

EXCERPTS from "MEMORIES" by John F. Jordin, Being a Story of Early Times in Daviess County, Missouri, and Character Sketches of Some of the Men Who Helped to Develop Its Latent Resources. Published from THE NORTH MISSOURIAN PRESS, GALLATIN, MISSOURI.

"Not for gain or fame have I written, but for the pleasure it has given me to put into words the thoughts that often filled my mind of the old familiar places and the dear remembered faces of the long ago.

If there be any who care to read and share with me the memories of the people and the places that I loved, to them I dedicate this little book. (Signed) John F. Jordin. October 12, 1904

(NOTE - Facing this dedication is a picture of the author, taken in his mid-thirties and depicting a man of slight build, a well shaped head and a kindly, thoughtful countenance. He had a high, straight forehead, with his fine straight hair parted on the left and receding somewhat from his brow. His eyes were clear and bright and looked from beneath heavy eye-brows. His nose was straight and sharp. His face was somewhat thinner than average with a low-hung ginger jaw. The ear which shows, his right, is somewhat larger than average and lies close to his head, with a short rounded lobe. His mouth is abt hidden by a bushy drooping mustache, extending a full six inches from tip to tip. The rest of his face is cleanly shaven. His head is erect on a slender neck with a slightly prominent "adam's apple" showing above a string-bow tie and a white shirt and dark coat.)

(NOTE - The book, some two hundred pages in length, is made up of Introduction and some twenty-odd sections each of which is headed the name of the individual or subject which is sketched. Neither the pages or sections are numbered. The style is somewhat whimsical with frequent short quotations of verse and prose to illustrate the author's somewhat mystical treatment of his subject. He has excellent descriptive ability and a fine command of English. His comment on the times and circumstances with which he deals shows insight and degree of tolerance and objectivity which makes of the book a valuable contribution to the literature of the Pioneer Border. -HEH)

"As early as 1826 faithful spies had traversed the Grand River valley and had brought back glowing reports of a country rich in natural resources. Here the forest abounded in game, the stream with fish, the prairies were billowy seas of succulent grass. Together the picture presented an ideal scene, where the hardy pioneer could rear his cabin and spend his days surrounded by beauty and plenty.

It was early in the spring of 1830 that John Splawn and his Miss Mayberry, came from Ray county and built a cabin near where the Rock Island depot formerly stood. They did not remain here long, but moved across the river and settled on the ridge that bears his name. It is a notable fact that the early settlers reared their families in the forest, usually near a bubbling spring. Here by the smaller trees and "deadening" the larger ones they were in James-form a "clearing" where, with little effort, they could raise sufficient crops to supply their wants.

The men and women who stood as landmarks to fix the western boundaries of civilization have passed away, but their descendants still live, and as the "witness trees" stand ever ready to tell the location of the long lost corner stone, so should the memories of their lives be for the benefit of generations to come. James,

THIS "MEMOIR" WRITTEN BY JOHN F. JORDIN, OF GALLATIN, MISSOURI:
AND BOUND AND PRINTED BY THE NORTH MISSOURIAN PRINTING OFFICE OF
GALLATIN IN 1905.

This book presented by the author to James Faulkner, a step-brother
of Webster Cruzen.

THE JORDINS.

"The older members of the Jordin family evidently cared little for genealogies or family trees as I have been unable to find a written record kept by any branch of the family and am therefore unable to give names and dates as I would like to.-----

Jonathan and ~~Franklin~~ Isaac Jordin settled in this county in 1839. In 1843 Abram and Franklin Jordin came and also settled here. These four were brothers and natives of Pocahontas County, Virginia. Their father, John Jordin, was a native of County Down in Ireland, and having lost an arm and being thereby incapacitated for manual labor, taught school for a while after his arrival here, and when he had accumulated a few dollars he bought a stock of goods and converting them into a neat shoulder pack trudged away to meet whatever fate or fortune might hold in store for him. He had possibly "kissed the blarney stone" before leaving the Emerald Isle, for he was not only successful in business but in love, for Miriam McNeil, a winsome girl, descended from an old Pocahontas County family, yielded to the sweet persuasion of the Irish lad and became his wife. Then he became a farmer.

Their children: John, Jonathan, Isaac, Abram, Franklin, Jennie, Nancy, Martha, Mary. John settled near home. The other brothers came to Missouri, as stated. Mary died while young, the other girls married and settled in Virginia.

Franklin Jordin was the youngest of the brothers and was born in Pocahontas County in 1818, married while yet in Virginia to an Edmiston. She died soon after their marriage. In 1850 married Nancy Jennings Ballinger. To them were born three children, the writer 8 September 1851 and twin girls Angeline and Martha, 26 May 1854. Martha died in infancy. Angeline married John W. Pinkerton and lives at Polo, Missouri.

Franklin died in 1855, and Nancy in 1874.

Then follows a description of their home life on the little farm. "Of the three brothers of my father I knew Isaac Jordin best. He was born in 1806 and settled in this county in 1839. (The writer is referring throughout to Daviess County, Missouri). He was united in marriage with Miss Mary Callison, also a native of Virginia. They had three children, Franklin who married Susan Rhea; Rebecca who became the wife of Robert Russell, now living in Ocala, Missouri; and Elizabeth who became the wife of Samuel Board, now widowed and living in Lafayette County, Missouri.

----- justice of the peace he performed the first marriage in Jamesport township, the occasion being the marriage of Richard Hill and Miss Ann Callison in 1844.

"Of Jonathan Jordin and Abram Jordin I know little-----Jonathan was born in 1807 and Abram in 1812.

Jonathan was twice married, his first wife being a Callison. Two children, Anthony and John. Last wife an Edmiston. Children William, James, Isaac, Elizabeth, Rebecca and Miriam.

----- shoulder to shoulder with these
significance, still lives
born in existence long ago
statement of

From the chapter
"Jamesport in the Early Days".

The Gilliland (or as the later members spelled it Gillilan) came from Virginia, the county of Bath, afterward divided and Pocahontas County formed from part of it. Eldest member of the family, Nathan (b. 8 August 1801). His son, John, married Mary Maddell. James married Elizabeth C. Edmiston in August 1837 (son of John, b. 19 April 1782), in Virginia. Emigrated to Missouri. Their daughter Mary was my grand-father's (Nathaniel Green Cruzen's) second wife. (James Gillilan b. 16 August 1811.)

In the early days settlements were only found in the timbered district, hence neighborhoods were often widely separated. This was so of the neighborhood where I was born and the "Auberry Grove", as a settlement to north was called. Among the first settlers in the last named neighborhood were the Callisons, Franklin, James and James F., a nephew of the other two. Here also came James P. Drummond, Robert Foster, Andrew W. Gay, the Gillilans, Millers, McClungs, and Hills along with others.

The first marriage in the neighborhood was that of Richard Hill and Miss ANN Gillilan. This was in 1841 and the marriage ceremony was performed by Isaac Jordin, a justice of the peace. There were five children born of this marriage, James C., Elizabeth E., Mary J., Josephine C. and another child whose name I do not know. His first wife dying in 1951, Richard married Nancy Jane Miller and the result of this marriage was three children Ella, John C. and Buchanan.

Richard Hill was a native of Pocahontas and settled in this county in 1837. He was a son of John Hill who was born in Virginia in 1792 and who married Elizabeth Poage, also a Virginian and born the same year. To this union were born Richard, William P., Robert, Davis, George, Thomas, Elizabeth and Mary. John Hill came to Missouri in 1851 (1854), bought the Auberry farm and lived there the remainder of his life.

Robert died single.

Davis married Elizabeth McNeel. Three children; George, Thomas, Agrie. Thomas died single.

George married Mary E. McNeel. Four children: Oscar, Burton, Frank, Annie.

Elizabeth married Hampton Hamilton. Nine children.

Mary never married.

William P. Hill, another son of John came to this county in 1857, settled on a farm one mile west of where Jamesport now stands. Married Elizabeth Poage, a sister of Rankin and J. D. B. Poage, who lived in this county many years; before he left Virginia. Mr. Hill was born 31 October 1818, his wife 26 Aug. 1816 (7). Eight children, four living and residing in Jamesport (in 1937); George W., Davis, Mrs. Mary Leonard wife of Samuel, Mrs. Virginia Anderson. William P. Hill died 19 October 1884. His wife still living aged 80 (in 1937).

The first child born in the Auberry Grove settlement was James C. Hill, son of Richard and Ann Hill. The year was 1841.

The first school house was built on the John Hill place.

Jamesport laid out in 1853 by James Gillilan, who built a store. Paulmer and Jordin opened a "grocery (quote from book) where all could alley their thirst".

6 August 1872 Jamesport was granted articles of incorporation by the county court, "granting the prayer of Nathaniel Green Cruzen and sixty other citizens".

"MEMORIES" - Jordin

"A large percentage of the first settlers in this county came from Virginia and Kentucky. A certain harmony of ideals, a similarity of manners and customs, together with a code of honor to which both heartily subscribed, created a bond of union between them. They set up new altars in the wilderness but retained the worship of the old gods. They poured upon their altars the incense of hospitality and true friendship, and the fragrant perfumes reminded them of their old homes. Each state made contribution of the best of her sons and daughters, for there was need of a brave and virile race to multiply and replenish the wilderness and subdue it.

Among the arrivals from the Old Dominion in 1844 was

DAVID McCUE

and his family, consisting at that time of his wife and twelve children. The advent of this family added much to the numerical strength of the new community.

David McCue was born near Williamsburg, Greenbrier county, Va., February 18th, 1802. Was married to Martha McKeel, August 23rd, 1827. She was a native of Pocahontas county, Va., and was born Oct. 30th, 1810. The fruits of this union were eighteen children, twelve boys and six girls, fifteen of whom lived to reach their majority.

Following are the names and brief records of this remarkable family of children, perhaps the largest ever reared in Daviess county.

Paul M., born Nov. 16th, 1828; wounded during the siege of Vicksburg during the Civil war, from the effects of which he died Dec. 22nd, 1863.

Isaac M., born April 6th, 1830; living now in Jamesport, Mo.

Franklin, born April 30th, 1831; died Feb. 24th, 1864.

Margaret E., born May 27th, 1832; died when four years old.

Rachel A., born June 28th, 1833; married Alphonso L. Martin and is still living somewhere in Kansas.

David, born Jan. 29th, 1835; died Jan. 28th, 1861.

James W., born June 10th, 1836; lives in Lock Springs, Mo.

John, born Aug. 27th, 1837; lives in Shelby county, Mo.

William P., born November 17th, 1838; died August 4th, 1862.

Charles, born March 2nd, 1840; died several years ago.

Samuel J., born July 15th, 1841; lives in Jackson county, Mo.

George W., born October 8th, 1842; lives near Gilman City, Mo.

Richard A., born February 18th, 1844; lives in Gallatin, Mo.

Aaron J., born March 22nd, 1846; died in infancy.

Virginia M., born March 23rd, 1846; died in infancy.

Kathleen W., born December 8th, 1847; lives in Shelby county, Mo.

Mary E., born May 9th, 1849.

Martha A., born August 11th, 1851.

The last two mentioned have been dead for several years.

Mr. McCue's first wife died May 13th, 1854, and after remaining a widow for five years, he married the widow of Andrew Leeper of Livingston county in 1859, and had five children by his last wife, four girls and a boy. The girls, Rattie, Ella, Willie, and Cora are still living, but the boy, Andrew, died several years ago.

In 1866 he removed with his family to the Chickasaw Nation. But his health failing, he was brought back to this county and cared for by his children until his death, which occurred at the home of his son, Richard M., Sept. 11th, 1892, and his body was laid to rest in the Jordin graveyard by the side of his first wife and most of his children.

It would mean much for a woman to be the mother of such a group of lusty youngsters, but it meant more in the early days. The pioneer mother was a helpmeet in the truest sense of the word.

MEMORIES" - Jordin

Lieut. Col. SAMUEL P. COX

"born in Williamsburg, Whitley county, Ky., Dec. 16, 1828, he moved with his father, in Sept. 1839, to Daviess county, Mo., and settled on what was later known as the Joshua Tye place in the eastern part of the county. Here he spent his youth assisting his father, Levi Cox, in farm work, attending school, etc. When the war with Mexico broke out he wished to become a soldier, but as he was but little over 16 years old his father promptly vetoed the proposition. But his ambition was not quenched. He waited and grew in stature, and patiently nursed the bud of hope. In 1847 his opportunity came. His uncle Nathan Cox had some cattle ready for market and as Fort Leavenworth was the nearest point where fair prices could be obtained he decided to drive to that point. As he would need assistance he asked young Cox how he would like to help him make the drive. The boy was anxious to go, but would have to see his father before giving a final answer. The father was consulted, gave his consent and in due course of time the boy found himself in Fort Leavenworth.

Capt. Rodgers was recruiting a company of volunteers at Leavenworth at the time, and upon his arrival there young Cox naturally gravitated towards this center of attraction. He learned that Capt. Rodgers still needed twelve men and the lad eagerly offered his services, and to his delight they were accepted. As the war with Mexico was practically over by this time Cox saw no active service in Mexico, but his longing for excitement and adventure was fully gratified during the next two years which were principally spent in the saddle, scouting and chasing Indians, anywhere from Texas to the headwaters of the Missouri river. During his first year's service the command to which he belonged built Fort Kearney. It was there he met Kit Carson and came in contact with Jim Bridger, the famous scout and Indian fighter, and many other noted plainsmen of the time. ...

July 7th, 1850, he was united by marriage with Mary, daughter of Gabriel L. Ballinger. The fruits of this union were six children, viz., Gabriel W., born July 13th, 1852; Mary C., born April 4th, 1854; Samuel P., born March 15th, 1864; Josie J., born April 10th, 1866; Frank L., born May 8th, 1869; and Bertha B., born Dec. 16th, 1873. Of these all are living except Bertha, who died several years ago.

In the spring of 1851 Col Cox located in Callatin and in partnership with George Pogue engaged in merchandising. He followed this business for two years. He then sold out, and in the spring of 1854 started overland for California. The trip consumed about four months. He engaged in dairying at Graville and Grass Valley for the next two years, and then returned to Missouri.

In 1858 he went back to the old life on the plains, this time as wagon master for the firm of overland freighters, Russell, Majors & Waddell. A wagon train consisted of twenty-six huge freight wagons each drawn by six yoke of cattle. A train crew consisted of thirty-two men. This included teamsters and night herders. It usually took six months to make the trip from Missouri river to Salt Lake.

When the Civil war broke out in 1861 he assisted in organizing the Second Battalion of enrolled Missouri Militia. This organization was perfected at Cameron, Mo., Sept. 18th, 1861, at which time he was elected and commissioned Major. served in this capacity until 1863, when, on account of ill health he resigned his commission, returned to Callatin and entered upon the duties of circuit clerk of Daviess county. Having been elected to that position during his absence in 1862.

Towards the latter part of October 1864 word was brought that Capt. Wm. Anderson had crossed the Missouri, and Cox was commissioned Lieut. Col. and sent to head Anderson off, which he did.

... in the latter part of the war ... The congregation of ... in the county ...

RELIGION IN THE EARLY DAYS

Among the old heroes who first came to the Grand River country to spread the good news the names of a few have come down to us, but of the men themselves we know but little. Among the first preachers were Abraham Millice and Robert Morgan. Then there were the Ashbys, Thomas and Benjamin. Benjamin was a quiet and taciturn man, while Thomas was the soul of good cheer. It is said that he would find his way into the grocery, as the saloon was then called, and make himself so agreeable that when the hour for preaching arrived, he had only to say, "Come, boys, it's time to go to church," and the crowd would follow him almost to a man. William Redmond was another of these pioneer preachers, and had the distinction of having had more children named after him than any man who was ever in this part of the state. William Robinson also belonged to this period, as did George Flint, Cooper, French and others whose names I have forgotten or possibly never even heard.

So far as my information extends the first camp meetings in the Grand River country were held at a camp ground on the Kessler farm in Livingston county. Just when these meetings began I am unable to say, but I learn from Judge Joshua F. Hicklin that when his father came to this part of the state in 1839 camp meetings had been held annually for several years at the place above referred to. The "campers" had built log cabins so as to enclose three sides of a square piece of ground of about an acre or more in extent. The south side of this square was left open and pass ways were left between the cabins at the corners. In the open space in this square a sort of arbor covered with brush was constructed and seats were provided by laying logs at suitable distances apart and across these hewed puncheons. A "gum spring" near by furnished an abundance of water. Here in that early day came William Martin, Andrew Ligitt, James Leeper, Wm. Dryden, Richard Chenoweth, Dr. Samuel Venable and his brother William, Washington Anderson, Schivers, R. W. Reeves, and their families, neighbors, and the stranger within their gates. ...

These were held at this place until as late as 1854. They were usually held in the month of August, and it was a period of physical relaxation and spiritual upbuilding to our fathers and mothers, and afforded them an opportunity to enjoy the social amenities of life for a brief season. Here the people would come bringing with them bedding, cooking utensils, and provisions, and made themselves reasonably comfortable during their stay. ...

In 1855 the place for holding the camp meetings was changed and a new camping ground was located a short distance northwest of Jamesport, and near a never failing spring in James Callison's pasture.... But two or three annual meetings were ever held at the new location and the last meeting closed on the 10th of September 1857, with a free-for-all fight. ...

Among the first church houses erected in the eastern part of the county were the Clear Creek church, Harmony, and just west of Jamesport, the old Ketron chapel. The Clear Creek church still stands in a fairly well preserved condition. Most of the old time leaders of the congregation that assembled there have passed away. There were Nathaniel Davis, Hiram Poe, William Edis, Gabriel L. Ballinger. ... Phillip B. Smith, who stood shoulder to shoulder with these men in the battle for righteousness, still lives The congregation of Disciples had been in existence long before the war and dated back to the early settlement of the county. Elder George Flint preached for them back in the forties, and later Dr. Jourdan of Chillicothe, Mo., John H. Ballinger, David T. Wright, Joseph Davis, and others.... Among all the preachers that I ever listened to at this place (Clear Creek) I think now that Wm. Houston impressed me most.

JAMESPORT IN THE EARLY DAYS

In telling the story of the early days of Jamesport it is perhaps best to go back a little and first tell something of James Gillilan (or Gilliland as the older members of this family spelled their name) and of some of the other old families of that vicinity.

The Gillilans came from Virginia, the oldest member of this numerous family being a certain Nathan Gilliland, who lived in Bath county, Va. This county was afterward divided and Pocahontas county was formed from a part of it. Here lived the Gillilands and to the best of their ability obeyed the primal command to "multiply and replenish the earth."

John Gilliland, a son of the Nathan above mentioned, married Mary Waddell, and to them were born twelve children - six boys, Nathan, Alexander, James, William, John and Samuel; six girls, Catherine, Mary, Elizabeth, Jane, Ellen, Ann and Rebecca. (NOTE - The girls are named as given in the book. Probably two of the names should be combined to form a single name.)

Of these we have to do only with James in this sketch. On the 19th day of August, 1837, James Gillilan and Elizabeth G. Edmiston were married in Pocahontas county, Va., and two years later emigrated to Missouri and stopped in Randolph county for a short time and then settled in Daviess county, where for half a century he made his home. To James and Elizabeth Gillilan were born eight children, four of whom died in infancy. Of the other four, three were girls - Mary, who is now the widow of W. G. Cruzen, and lives in Gallatin; Anna, wife of George W. Miller; and Lydia, who died many years ago. There was a son, Nathan, who died when about eighteen years old.

In 1852 James Gillilan made the trip overland to California, but returned the following year and bought the farm upon which he afterwards located the town of Jamesport.

Elizabeth Gillilan died in 1889 and ten years later, Sept. 19th, James Gillilan passed away and was buried beside his wife and children near Jamesport.

In the early days settlements were found only in the timbered district, hence neighborhoods were often widely separated by intervening stretches of prairie. This was so of the neighborhood where I was born, and the "Auberry Grove," a settlement to the north was called. Among the first settlers in the last named neighborhood were the Callisons, Franklin and James, and James F., a nephew of the other two. Here also came James P. Drummond, Robert Foster, Andrew A. Gay, the Gillilans, Millers, McClungs and Ellis, along with a number of other settlers who from time to time put in an appearance and put their shoulders to the wheel of civilization to make it go round.

The first marriage in this neighborhood was that of Richard Hill and Miss Ann Gillilan. This was in 1844, and the marriage ceremony was performed by Isaac Jordin, a justice of the peace. There were five children born to this marriage, Joseph C., Elizabeth E., Mary J., Josephine C., and another child whose name I do not know. His first wife dying in 1851, Richard married Nancy Jane Miller, and the result of this marriage was three children, Ella, John C., and Buchanan. Richard Hill was a native of Pocahontas county and settled in Daviess in 1837. He was a son of John Hill, who was born in Va., in 1782, and who married Elizabeth Poage, also a Virginian and born the same year. To this union were born the following named children: Richard, William P., Robert, Davis, George, Thomas, Elizabeth and Mary. In the spring of 1851, John Hill came to Mo. and bought the Thomas Auberry farm, where he resided during the remainder of his life.

Isaac Jordin took an active part in all matters pertaining to the welfare and held some minor positions. Davis made public trust in the justice of the peace he performed the first marriage ceremony in the township, the occasion being the marriage of Richard Hill and Thomas in 1854. In 1854 he was elected county assessor, which position he held for several years.

He was a staunch member of the Methodist Church and his house was the home of any preacher who passed that way. Kind and Hospitable, he enjoyed the companionship of his friends, and nothing gave him more pleasure than to have the house full of "company". While strict and prompt in the performance of his religious obligations, he would sometimes on meeting a friend in town indulge in a social glass. I do not think that he ever indulged to excess, but under the mellowing influence of a glass or two his generous heart would expand until there was room for all his friends, and at such times he had no enemies, or if he had they were forgotten. Following close upon the heels of these periods of spiritual exaltation, during which he loved his neighbors even better than himself, there would be a time of rigid self-examination, humiliation and self abasement, during which his title to "mansions in the skies" would be clouded by agonizing doubts and fears.

As a rule he was sociable and rather talkative, but if something occurred that troubled him he would lapse into a moody silence that would sometimes continue for days. Once during the war his son and son-in-law were required to serve in the home guards, and as they had quite a lot of stock on hands I was helping uncle to look after it during their absence. While thus employed uncle suddenly quit talking and for nearly a week scarcely spoke except to give the most meager directions concerning the work in hand. He did not appear to be out of humor, but there was a troubled look upon his face that forbade inquiry as to its cause. One night in the kitchen I asked Cousin Lizzie why uncle did not talk, and she said "Oh, father has lost his tongue, but don't worry about it. He will find it in a few days and then he will be all right." and he did. The storm in his soul had passed, and the social atmosphere was clear once more.

In November 1863, George and Frank McCue and a comrade named Markham left the Confederate army and undertook to make their way North in order that Frank, who was suffering from serious wounds, might properly be cared for. As the boys reached the old neighborhood a cold drizzling rain set in, turning into sleet. They went into camp at a place near Uncle Isaac's, known as the "rock house". They had made the trip thus far on horseback, but Frank was now thoroughly exhausted by the suffering and exposure incident to the long and tiresome journey. He had reached the limit of his feeble strength and it looked like he had endured the tortures of his long journey only to lie down and die like an outcast almost in sight of his old home. The weather continued to be inclement and George decided to go to Uncle Isaac and make their conditions known. He did so and uncle at once directed them to bring Frank to the house, which they did at once. George and Markham continued their journey, but Frank remained some days resting and recuperating his strength, then one night Tom Bradshaw came with a covered wagon and took Frank on to Iowa, where he was cared for at the home of a friend until some time during the following year when he died.

"MEMORIES" - Jordin

Of these children, Robert died single, Davis married Elizabeth McNeel, and reared three children, George, Thomas and Maggie. Thomas Hill died single at the age of 27 years. George married Mary E. McNeel. They reared four children, Oscar, Burton, Frank and Annie. Elizabeth married Hampton Hamilton and to them were born nine children. Mary W. never married. She still lives upon the old homestead, manages her fine farm, understands and oversees personally every detail, whether it be the planting and harvesting of crops or the buying and selling of stock. Miss Hill has proven herself to be an excellent farmer and business woman. But this is not all, for by her life she has demonstrated that a woman can manage a farm and yet lose nothing of that quiet dignity and gentle refinement that ever marks the true woman. Perhaps the most regrettable thing about Miss Hill is the fact that such a very excellent lady should choose to "lend her graces to the grave and leave no copy."

William P. Hill, another son of John Hill, came to the county in 1855, and settled on a farm one mile west of where Jamesport now stands. Mr. Hill engaged in farming and blacksmithing, and by hard work, good management and economy accumulated a considerable amount of property. Before leaving Virginia he had married Elizabeth Poage, a sister of Rankin and S. D. B. Poage, who lived in this county for many years. The date of Mr. Hill's birth was October 3rd, 1818, and that of his wife, May 26th, 1816. Both were natives of Pocahontas county, Virginia. Of the eight children born to them only the following are still living: George W., Davis, Mrs. Mary E. Leonard, wife of Samuel Leonard; and Mrs. Virginia Henderson, all of whom reside in Jamesport.

William P. Hill died October, 19th, 1884. His wife is still living and in the enjoyment of good health in the 90th year of her age.

James P. Drummond was another of the settlers of the "Auberry Grove" neighborhood. Like a majority of the early settlers in this community Mr. Drummond was a Virginian, having been born in Monroe county, Sept. 25th, 1812. On June 14th, 1846, he married Miss Sydney Nickell of the same county. In 1839 Mr. Drummond came to Daviess county and the same year entered 160 acres of land. Eleven children came to bless their home. Of these Margaret N. became the wife of Matthew R. Mann; Elizabeth R. married Jesse Baldwin; Amanda J. wife of Amos Russellman; Mary, wife of R. M. Barnett; George W. and Andrew were twins. George died several years ago. William R., at present the presiding judge of the county court; John K.; Caroline, wife of W. E. Jenkins; James M. and Charles W. Mr. Drummond's first wife died in November, 1858, and on July 14th, 1859, he was united in marriage with Miss Maria F. Mann, who was a daughter of John Mann, an early settler of this county.

Mr. Drummond engaged in farming and stock raising upon an extensive scale, and at the time of his death, a few years ago, was the owner of a square section of the finest farming land in Daviess county besides a large amount of other property. His second wife is still living at Jamesport, Mo. ...

James and Franklin Callison ranked among the wealthiest farmers of the county. In addition to farming and stock raising, Franklin Callison also engaged in merchandising for many years and held many minor positions of trust in the community where he resided.

The Callison family were well represented. There were Nathan, Samuel, Alex., John and their families. Nathan was at one time reputed to be the wealthiest citizen of the county. His home farm consisted of 600 acres of fine prairie land well improved, the residence and barns being located near the center of the tract.